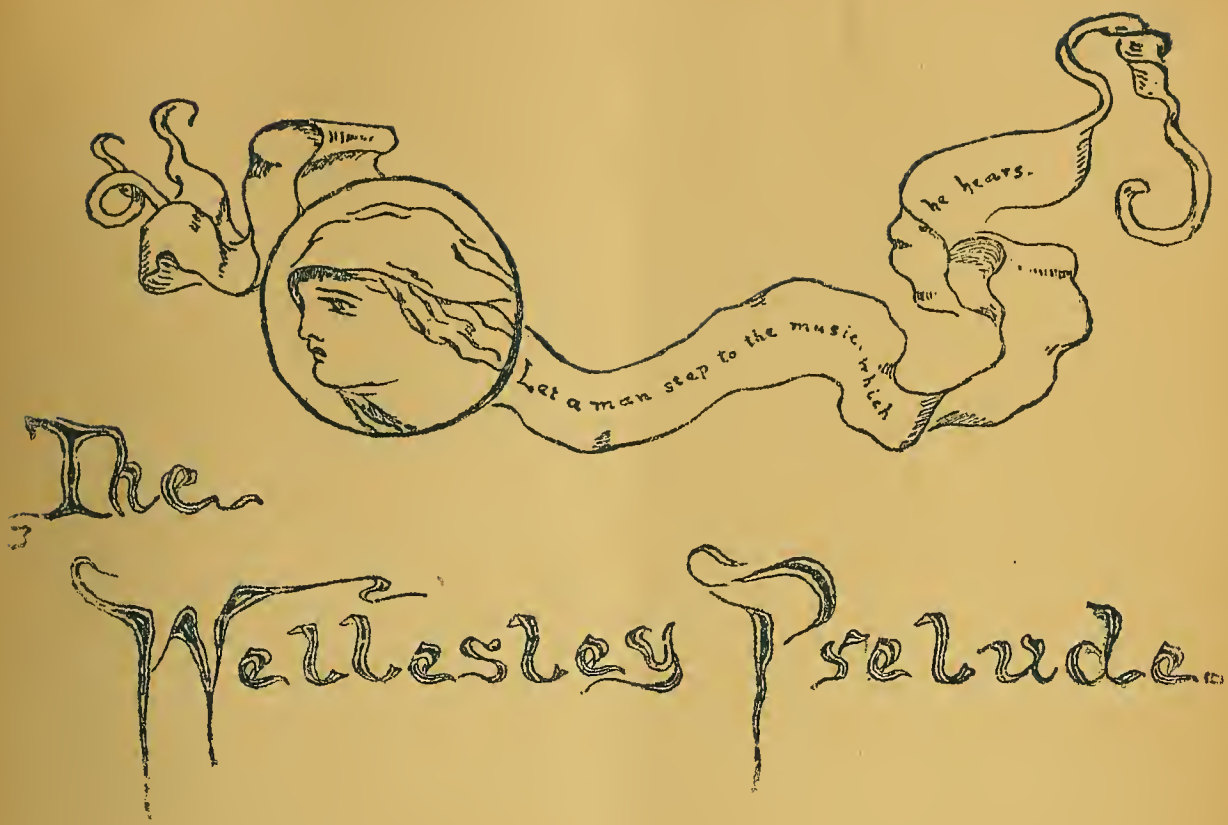

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MARCH 7, 1891.

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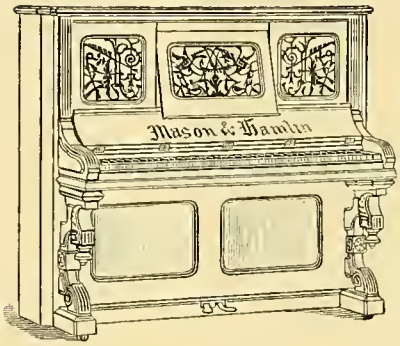

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 7, 1891. No. 22

The Wellesley Prelude.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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CONSIDERABLE annoyance to both audience and performers at Monday evening concerts and lectures, is caused by the commotion in the rear of the chapel, where people are continually coming in and going out. One on the platform is vividly conscious of any disturbance anywhere in the audience, and the continual moving in and out at the door cannot fail to be distressing to him. To the mass of the audience the fact is almost as disagreeable. And yet it must be said on the side of the offenders that they really are not at fault. In the back of the chapel, under the gallery, the air soon becomes so heated and disagreeable that it is almost impossible for those sitting there to remain. There is no circulation of air whatever, and any degree of comfort or enjoyment is out of the question. The ventilation of the chapel is deplorably poor, so that one sitting anywhere in the audience is almost always uncomfortable, and if the only available seat is one under the gallery it is not remarkable that sometimes the discomfort becomes unbearable.

Dancing in the gymnasium on Saturday and Monday evenings is one of the pleasantest of Wellesley customs. No hint of work or anxiety mars the mild festivity and the relief it affords is valuable as well as delightful. But this year the popularity of the gymnasium as a resort on Saturday and Monday evenings has declined, and the fact is due to the music. The intervals between the music are long. Girls, who can play, are unwilling, and all the work falls on a few, who would probably like to dance themselves sometimes. There are many girls in the gymnasium every evening when there is dancing, who could play, and play well. It does not require great skill to play simple dance music, for which good time is almost the only requisite; and if the burden were shared by many, it would be light for each one. It would be much pleasanter also for the musicians, if those profiting by their kindness refrained from making critical remarks.

The following communication will be of interest to our readers: —

"We trust all the readers of the PRELUDE who are at or near the College, will not fail to leave the evening of Saturday, Mar. 21st, free from any other engagement that they may attend the Hindu entertainment which is to be given in the College Chapel at that time.

In this Miss Chandler will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Winsor and their three boys, recently home from Sirur, Western India, who have brought with them not only costumes, but genuine native musi-

cal instruments, the like of which have never been heard in Wellesley before, we can safely assert.

Miss Winsor a senior at Laselle, will sing Marathi lyrics, beside taking other important parts, while for the other twenty or thirty characters needed to carry out all the scenes, levies are being made upon the village Sunday School and Christion Endeavor Society, the Missionary Home at Auburndale, and the College as well.

The costumes are almost entirely imported from India for this occasion — and others. The scenes while of necessity somewhat informal in style, will faithfully represent bits from Hindu home life. Idol worship, boys' and girls', schools, and both heathen and Christian weddings. A heathen woman will be visited in her own home by a Bible woman and a missionary lady.

One valuable feature of the whole will be the explanatory talks between the scenes by Rev. G. H. Gutterson of South India, which will add much to the interest and to the fund of reliable information about India that will thus be gained, by eye and ear, from the entertainment.

The proceeds from the sale of tickets is to be equally divided between the College Christian Association and the Norumbega Fund. Admittance 25 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents.

A PLEA FOR OPPORTUNITY.

Miss Hardon's article in the last issue of the PRELUDE, has awakened a responsive chord in me, as I am sure it has in many others. The question she proposed has often occured to me, and I consider it a serious one. Why cannot our library be opened on Sunday?

Let me state as fairly as I am able, the reasons pro and con. It may certainly be urged by those who do not favor the idea, that in the first place, students will use the library for study or for secuar reading in connection with class-room work. To this I would say that the force of public opinon in Wellesley is certainly against Sunday study, and being so, will act in a great measure, as a preventive. It will be practicable, as is done in another college library, to forbid the taking of notes in the library on Sunday. And certainly those who are unwilling, through sense of duty or inclination, to spend the afternoon in study in their own rooms, will not do so in so public a place as our library.

A supposable second reason is, that it is better to remove from our students any further opportunity to tax their brains than is already afforded them, that the closed library gives room for more complete relaxation. But what can be more restful than to read what one delights in, with the sense of Sunday, serene and quiet about one, and no sense of requirement pressing?

The average girl at Wellesley has not, like the average teacher, a collection of books in her own room, companions for her Sunday afternoons. A few books, perhaps, she has, but they are read and re-read. How shall Sunday afternoon be spent? Certainly not in visiting, not all of it out-of-doors, not in letter-writing, for the latter is, as most of us experience, too severe a mental strain for a day of rest. How is it spent? I would testify, too, to the shelves of well-thumbed paper novels, to the worthless magazine stories, eagerly read and passed from hand to hand. We do not feel that this is creditable to a college comunity. But we are shut out from what is more congenial to us in our own library, from what is noble and good there, Ruskin, Carlyle, MacDonald, Amiel, Walter Pater, Cardinal Newman.

There are very few who can find time to spend an hour during the week in the library on what is not class-room, required works. Is it not a pity? Here we are for four years, at the most receptive period of our lives, living in the shadow of a large library, an opportunity few of us will ever again enjoy, and practically precluded from its use, except in connecnection with work. Have not many of us found that we have in a certain degree, lost our taste for general reading, when we reach home after a year of college?

Let our library be open on Sunday afternoon and evening. One who remembers many a long Sunday quiet spent in a sunny alcove of a college library last year, with many a mind whose thoughts she will never forget, adds her plea.

Florence Wilkinson, '92.

SHOULD THE LIBRARY BE OPENED ON SUNDAY

This is a question that is agitating the Wellesley World to-day. How is this question answered? "If the library is open on Sunday it will tend to lead the girls to study on that day."

Very few of the Wellesley students study on Sunday, habitually. The reasons are obvious. However carefully a student plans her work, her time during the week is absolutely full, even supposing that she carries only the required amount of work and devotes only the required two periods to the preparation of each of her lessons. As a fact much more time than this is required for the preparation of many of the lessons, especially in the more advanced classes. As the student advances in her course her work becomes more interesting, she elects those studies that she enjoys and hopes to master sometime, and it becomes her pleasure to spend her time in study. Besides this work the Senior or Junior is almost never without a paper to be written, often she has more than one on hand at a time. Such work, if done well, requires consecutive time, and Monday is the only day when such time can be taken. The constant cry especially of the more advanced student, is "Oh, had I only more time!" It is not that we have not enough time to do what is required of us by our instructors, it is that we cannot do all that we require of ourselves. Our instructors can do no more than to open up to us the various lines of thought, how far we shall follow out any particular line is for us to decide. The danger is that we shall forget that an under-graduate cannot treat any subject exhaustively. If there are any who think that the Wellesley students do not do scholarly work, let me say to them that the Wellesley student who does not do her best under the existing conditions is the exception. We are not here to specialize, but to get the best and broadest preparation for life.

Suppose the library were open on Sunday. There can be little doubt that the students would go there to read. They would not go there to study. But the reading they would do there would not be recreative, it would be heavy, and, probably, along the line of their work. Sunday would cease to be a day of recreation. The word "recreation" is used here in its true, its deepest meaning, creating anew. It is for this that Sunday is set apart, and without the recreation it would be impossible for us to go on with our work a single year. Of course, reading books of elevating character helps largely to the end we wish to gain in keeping Sunday as a day of recreation. But such books are to be found outside of the library, and are found by those students who wish to read them. It is urged that the students read "trash" in great abundance on Sunday, because the library is closed. This is a mistake, and one that would better be corrected before it is further promulgated. The Wellesley student does not care for "trash" on Sunday or any other day. If there are any students at Wellesley who do spend their Sundays in reading trashy works for which they pay twenty-five cents, because they must read something and cannot afford to buy good books, they will doubtless be glad of the information that paper copies of the best works of the best authors can be bought of Mr. Alden of New York City, for from two cents to twenty-five. She who will read "trash" will read it, and she who will read elevating literature will read elevating literature, and the opening of the library on Sunday will not be likely to affect it; the student's choice of reading depends upon her character.

So much from the student's stand-point. From the stand-point of the college there are many things that might be said against opening the library on Sunday. Whether the College can encourage studying on Sunday and preserve her character as a distinctively Christian College, is a question of many sides, and one worthy of mature consideration. Whether the College has a right to demand work on Sunday from her librarians, is a special phase of one of the greatest questions of the day. In this article a mere suggestion of the questions arising from a consideration of this subject from the College stand-point is possible. It is enough if a single phase of the subject from the student's point of view is advanced.

Ermina Ferris, '92.

No. In this, as in all matters of reform, there are ways and ways. The following plan appeals to me as one capable of overcoming the difficulty of obtaining standard literature for Sunday reading at Wellesley, and at the same time, capable of obviating the necessity of increasing the librarian's work and the unpleasant sacrifice of the usual comfort of a Sunday afternoon spent in the student's room. Sunday gowns and stiff-backed library chairs do not appeal to my sense of pleasure and comfortable rest.

The scheme I speak of would be one by which the students should be allowed to take any book from the College library at eight o'clock Saturday evening, and return it to the library by nine o'clock the following Monday morning. Before leaving the library, the name and number of each book, together with the name of the student who takes it out and the date of the removal, should be carefully registered on two cards, one to be left at the library desk, one to go out with the book. The failure to return the book by the required time, Monday morning, should be punished by a fine of not less than one dollar. The charge of this system should be given to some reliable student, who could do this for domestic work.

There is nothing new or startling in this plan. It is much the same as that in practice in all public libraries. In fact, as someone once said, (and proved his own statement by saying it,) "There's nothing new under the sun anyway." But I would rather adopt a plan, even if it is an old one, which, at the same time that it gave us free access to our library on Sunday, would in no way interfere with our librarian's day of rest, and would not divest the students of that much cherished, unique period of leisure experienced in their rooms on Sunday afternoon. *A. S. C., '91.*

One of the reasons for wishing the library closed on Sunday is, I believe, that the students may not be tempted to study and use reference books. Then, why are not the Physics, Chemistry and other reference books, which are scattered about the building on tables set aside for them, likewise locked up? How many girls have been seen hovering around the aforesaid tables on Sunday? None, is the answer. Therefore, I think this sufficient proof against the reading of reference books, and if the library be opened we will further convince those opposed that we prefer another kind of literature for Sunday reading.

A. S., '93.

With much interest and with hearty endorsement I read the pleas for the opening of our library on Sunday, in the last week's PRELUDE, but, against one argument which was used more than once, I must cry out. It is true that many a Sunday finds us at a loss for interesting, inspiring, uplifting literature, but that we are *forced* to resort to Ouida, the Duchess and Archibald Gunter, I deny. It is a lamentable thought that the hundreds of girls who have been here in the last fifteen years have been driven by a relentless Board of Trustees, from the dwellings of the gods of true literature into a lower, baser, atmosphere, from the society of grand heroes and womanly heroines to the rapid conversation of the popular novel's gallant and his lady-love. Our library is a jewel casket with thousands of rare gems which many of us may never see again, which may nevermore glitter within our grasp; and it is a thousand pities that those of us who wish, may not be allowed, on Sunday, to look deep into the hearts of these jewels and receive lights into our souls which shall remain there forever, casting reflections on every walk in life. Because this boon is withheld from us, shall we become the victims of our environment, or shall we be the masters of our circumstances? How came these novels into our possession? Are we forced to seek the lower atmosphere of the paper novel when we take a journey? What is not worth reading on Sunday, is not worth reading on any other day. Much of the rarest literature of the world is published in paper editions costing from two to fifty cents a volume. Buy good books with the dimes, quarters and half dollars which you spend on trashy novels, and a knotty point in the problem of Sunday reading will be solved.

M. W. Perrin, '91.

Let us by all means have a wider choice in Sunday reading, let us throw open our library doors on that day, but do not let us urge as an argument toward that end, that it is to save our fellow students from the temptation to read "trashy"

novels. When it is said that "Students will be tempted to study on Sunday if the Library is opened," we reply, "Disability to sin does not preclude the desire to sin," and "Strength cannot come through the removal of temptation." Will not this apply equally well to our own argument? Let us not say that the students will be "compelled to be content in a lower atmosphere" if the library is kept closed, when at the same time we are maintaining that they "ought to be womanly enough, ought to have a clear enough conception of right and wrong, to make a decision of this kind for themselves, and to make the best possible decision" in regard to studying on Sunday. Surely, if we can resist the temptation to study on Sunday, we can also resist the temptation to read paper-novels, and determine to read wholesome books or none. To those of us who cannot, the library will do little good. Moreover, let us not plead lack of time for outside reading, and in the same breath, say that time must often be taken on "Monday or even later" to finish the novel begun on Sunday. If it is right to have our library open on Sunday there must be good reasons for it. Let us find them. Let us not plead our weaknesses, and then ask to be treated as college women.

Sarah M. Bock, '90,

A SUMMER'S MASQUERADE.

"It is no use arguing with me, Tom, I know it. It is the airs and graces that charm. The more affected, shallow-brained and helpless a woman is, the more her society is sought by you men."

"But, Agnes, you surely don't mean—."

"I surely do mean—! I can prove it by a hundred examples. Look at Dr. Robbins, the most learned, sensible minister that ever graced a pulpit —not a foolish idea in head. And look at his wife, the most brainless, little bundle of effectation that ever did fancy-work year-in and year-out. It is invariably so. I'm not an advocate of woman's rights but I do think a woman ought to act what she is; if brainless let her be brainless, and if a sensible woman let her be sensible, even if she loses every admirer she has."

And Agnes Darley stopped for breath. Her brother gave a long whistle: "I wonder what Jack would say to that theory," he said curiously. "I don't know your much-admired Jack, so I can't tell you, but if he doesn't agree with me, he doesn't know much," said Agnes.

A short time after, the brother and sister bade each other good-night and good-bye, for Tom was to start early the next morning on a yachting trip with a party of young friends. He was to leave his sister at a farm-house "out of sight and hearing of the tiresome world," she said.

An hour's ride, the next morning brought her to the little country town of Fairville where she was met by a cadaverous-looking farmer, with a scraggly grey beard, who, after taking her hand in his and keeping up a perpendicular motion for a few minutes, led the way to a rickety-looking wagon, placed her and her trunk upon it, and started for the house.

"Fine weather, this," said Eph.

"Yes," said Agnes, mentally counting the holes in his slouch hat and worsted jacket. A long silence, followed, broken only by the discordant groans of the conveyance, and the farmer's occasional chirrups to his horse.

But what was that? Not the wagon surely. Agnes glanced wonderingly down, and there were her feet confidingly resting on a large hog, securely bound, who was now beginning to assert his rights, The momentary shock caused Agnes to scream and grasp the farmer's worsted sleeve in nervous fear of her living footstool. Eph burst into a loud laugh, quieted her fears, but she drew a breath of relief when they reached the house.

She wrote to Tom that night. "I believe Eph has taken a great fancy to me. He thought me a good sensible woman at first, thanks to my prepossessing appearance, but the moment I shrieked and clutched him, he thought me a goose, and immediately admired me. Do you remember my theory? Oh, for a victim! The farm hands are not very interesting subjects, but the next half-civilized young man who appears—I'll prove my point."

A day or two after, at dinner, Eph and Samanthy, his wife, were discussing the relative advantages and disadvantages of having a new "hired man."

"Thar's enough to keep him busy, with the pertater lot to be dug, and the corn and peas to

be tended to. Si Brown's son wants to come, too. I aint never seen him, but if he's as spry a hand as his father was afore him, I reckon I can't do no better'n to hev' 'im."

And so it was settled, and Si Brown's son arrived the following week. He was a tall, well-built fellow with something in his face that attracted Agnes immediately, and set him apart from the rest of the "hired help." She noticed that he used his fork, his napkin, and did not help himself to salt and sugar with his individual spoon, and it did her heart good. The thought struck her "Why, *he* is half civilized. Shall I try my theory upon him? Why not?" and she went to her room to write Tom of her determination.

The next morning she appeared at breakfast in a lilac tea-gown with dainty frills of lace—a beautiful costume for a watering-place, but absurdly inappropriate here. He was there, and several times she felt his gaze upon her as she was trifling with her food, or smiling coquettishly at Samanthy, who was quite astonished at the metamorphosis.

From her window she watched old Eph conduct him to the "acre-lot," and leave him to the congenial task of digging potatoes. Seizing a large hat, a dainty parasol and a light novel, she tripped over the path they had taken. When she was very near him a little ditch of a few inches breadth, barred her progress. Yesterday she would have given no thought to such an impediment, but now all was changed. She walked helplessly up and down by the side of it, till he saw her evident distress and chivalrously stepped forward to assist her. Soon she was on the other side, thanking him as profusely as if he had saved her from a horrible death.

Thus matters went on. Day after day she would read her light novels in places where he would be likely to see her, would prattle in an infantile manner whenever he approached her, and weary him nearly to death, she knew, by her nonsense. At twilight, after his day's work was done, she would decoy her victim into long walks, which she knew he must detest. She would cry out at every grasshopper, become petrified with fright at a black cricket, and nearly faint when a harmless rabbit crossed the path.

He was always gentle and manly, and often did she find herself wondering at such tact and consideration in the son of a rough farmer.

From little remarks he made, she gathered that he was well-read "A little I have picked up from Agricultural papers," he explained to her, "which I used to read at two o'clock in the morning, when I was up to milk the cows by the light of a lantern."

He told her that he could draw and paint a little, "Not much, you know, I commenced by drawing in chalk on a barn door,"—and promised some day, to show her some of his pictures.

Sometimes she would hate herself for the mean part she was acting and on these occasions such a telegram as this would reach her brother: "Release me from the bond—Antonio," but, always the same answer would come spinning over the wires: "I hold thee to the bond—Shylock."

At last the crisis came. She wss sitting in the shadow of the great barn, seemingly very much occupied with her fancy-work, when "Mr. Brown," as she prettily called him, approached her, his pictures in his hand.

"I promised to let you see them, you know. Would you like to, now?" he said.

"How perfectly charming," and she rose, and stood with clasped hands as he stood them one by one against the barn.

Agnes stood entranced till he finished. There was a scene from Holland; here "Mont Blanc" rose in its rugged splendor, there was a French scene, and an English sunset, all with wonderful accuracy of drawing and mellowness of coloring.

Forgetful of the part she was playing, forgetful of everything but the genius of the man before her, Agnes spoke her true mind.

"It is wonderful,— wonderful," she said — "Where have you been all your life that you can do work like this? Why do you not go abroad? To Paris? To Rome?"— and she went on in feverish haste, unmindful of his wondering looks. At last she paused—what had she done,—she, the mindless, frivolous girl? She covered her face, and fled to the house!

The next morning she asked for an interview. "I want to tell you," he began, but she interrupted him, "I know what you would say," she said— "and I cannot let you—I must confess what I

have been doing." "Miss Darley—Agnes," he said "let me first confess—When your brother—"

"My brother! Do you know him?"

"Yes—I—the fact is, I am his chum, Jack Harding—perhaps he has told you of me? He told me of your theory and resolve, and I determined to be the 'half-civilized young man.' He tried to dissuade me—don't blame him, but I would come. And, now, I have seen you, and you must know the rest—."

"And all my little arts and disguises—you knew them all."

"Yes, all." laughingly.

"And your painting?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have never drawn on barn-doors yet—I've always taken lessons."

"And your reading?"

"I've never seen an Agricultural paper, and I've since learned that cows do not have to be milked at two in the morning."

"And I was duped, deceived!"

"Yes, yes, I know it."

Their eyes met, and they sat down on the hay-mow and laughed as they had never laughed before. They were still wiping their eyes, when they heard, "Hullo! may I come in?" and with a cry of "Tom!" she rushed to the door and said, "I'm so glad to see you! I want to tell you that it worked!" "Oh, *did* it?" exclaimed the young men, simultaneously.

S., '93.

PETER.

A Character Sketch.

Of Christ's twelve disciples, Peter and John alone stand out prominently from the band of plain, hard-working, honest men. Peter is an especially interesting figure. Bold, dashing, impetuous, the Marshal Ney of the little band, he is by his very faults endeared to us. We know but little of his history before Christ called him; that he was brought up to his father's business as a fisherman on the lake of Galilee; that he was acquainted, like all Jews, with the Scriptures; that he probably knew Greek; that he was a man of considerable means, living in his own house, where later he hospitably entertained Christ. Then, after his call, we know that he followed Christ during his ministry, became the moving spirit among the disciples at Christ's death, and is said to have been crucified in Rome, at an advanced age.

He owes to his rough life as a fisherman his prompt energy, his boldness, and his endurance. He owes to it, too, the Oriental vices of falsehood and profanity, common to the turbulent life of a sailor of the times. By nature he is impulsive, fickle. All his greatness of character he owes to his intercourse with Christ.

Above everything else, he is impetuous and fickle "He starts to walk to Jesus on the waves, but loses courage almost as soon as he touches the water; impetuously refuses to let Christ wash his feet, as impetuously offers his head and his hands; draws his sword to fight single-handed the Roman soldiery, turns and flees when Christ commands him to put it up; follows Christ into the palace, but then denies with violence and curses that he is a disciple; is one of the first to baptise the Gentiles, then draws back from his position for fear of Jewish opposition in the Church."

His character comes out best when compared with that of John. "John is the man of contemplation; Peter the man of action. John is the metaphysician; Peter the pioneer. John is ever quickest to perceive a truth; Peter ever quickest to act upon it. John outruns Peter to the sepulchre, but is held back by reverent awe from entering in; Peter, fearless of angels, and oppressed by no such sense of holy ground, goes in unhesitatingly. John first discerns it is the Lord, when, after his resurrection, he appears to the disciples on the Sea of Galilee; Peter plunges into the sea to go to greet him. John, too full of quiet thoughts for ready speech, was never a popular speaker; Peter, too impatient and impetuous for the pen, was the great revivalist of the first century."

He is a man of great boldness, bordering at times on irreverence. A man intolerant of Gentiles. Easily irritated by the continual entreaties of the women, by the importunities of the multitude, by the troubling of the Master when little children are brought to be blessed. Angry with James and John for demanding the chief seats in the kingdom. A little proud of his sacrifice to follow Christ—"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee;

what shall we have therefore?" Thoroughly practical; rebuking waste of ointment; observing first of all the blighted fig-tree; knowing perfectly the Roman law and customs; ever on the look-out for the affairs of this world. Always in earnest. Energetic—doing a thing with all his heart and strength. A man of passionate activity, who seems to fall into his many blunders because he is in such a fury to do things for the Master, that he can waste no time in thinking how best to do them. Yet for all his own activity, able to appreciate and love the calmness and quiet contemplation of John.

The friendship between these two men is wonderfully strong. "Together they go down to attend the preaching of John the Baptist. Together they are cleaning their nets by the Sea of Galilee, when Jesus summons them to forsake all and follow him. Together they alone of the twelve are found in the Judgment Hall, listening with anxious ears to the trial of their Lord. Together he finds them, after his resurrection at the Sea of Galilee. Together they go up to the Temple to pray. Side by side they stand confronting the Sanhedrim in the earliest persecutions of the Church." It is Peter who, at the Last Supper, asked John to find out from the Master who is to betray him. It is John who speaks to the damsel at the gate in order that Peter may come into the Judgment Hall. It is Peter who asks the fate of John, after hearing from Christ what his own is to be. His warmheartedness never forsakes him.

But what is most striking in Peter's character is the wonderful way in which it developes under Christ's teaching and example. Qualities which are utterly unworthy become overshadowed, and, after a time, seemingly wiped out. Qualities which are not unworthy become modified, or changed, or increased until they stand for virtues instead of vices. His instability changes to steadfastness. His too great boldness is softened to a reverent boldness. He is practical as ever, but his practical spirit shows itself in a more thoughtful way of looking at things. He attends to the election of Matthias in place of Judas. He prepares the Christians for tribulations—gives them sound, practical rules for conduct. Takes advantage of his knowledge of law and custom, in his speeches before the rulers and people. His pride turns to humility. He submits to a reproof on inconsistency by Paul, a man much younger than himself, and afterwards speaks warmly of "our beloved brother Paul." His Jewish intolerance turns to tolerance itself. He receives Cornelius with cordial warmth, and even eats with the despised Gentiles. His energy stays with him to the last. His impetuosity flashes out in the liveliness of feeling shown in his epistles. The fact that he wrote epistles at all shows a gain in patience over the Peter we first hear of. We hear of him now as "meditating over a thing," as "doubting what the vision might mean." Truly this is a sign of growth—for Peter.

But the most wonderful thing of all is his growth from ignorance of Christ's character and aims, to knowledge of his Lord and Savior. At the very first, owing to his susceptibility to outward impressions, he recognizes that there is something in Christ which is different from men. Little by little he finds out in what that something consists. He learns that Christ is Lord of the wind and sea; that he is Lord over disease and death; then like a flash, he sees that he is "the Christ, the son of the living God;" but in the next breath, almost, he shows a spirit which "savors not of God but of man"—shows that he does not fully realize the divinity of God, and his perfect knowledge of all things. At the Transfiguration, he recognizes Christ's divinity, but his attention is taken up also with Moses and Elias. It is not until the cloud vails these two prophets of the old law that he sees Jesus only. He believes Christ to be divine, but he still half expects his kingdom to be a temporal one. Then comes the scene in the Judgment Hall, Peter denies his Lord, Jesus turns and looks at him, and Peter goes out and weeps bitterly. He begins to realize, then, the nature of the Kingdom. At the Resurrection, and appearance of Christ to him, he fully realizes it. Then comes a time of prayer and supplication, then comes the gift of the Holy Ghost,—and Peter is a new man. He is untiring in his labors for the Church, he is the eloquent preacher and teacher, his words are joyous and noble and reverent, for he understands Christ. Mindful of his own failings, he earnestly exhorts all Christians to be steadfast and pure. The rulers of the Jews "take knowledge of him,

that he has been with Jesus."

What he has become toward the end of his life can be seen from the tone of the last verses of his second epistle—"We, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless. And account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you; As also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction. Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness. But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

Florence H. Myrick.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, March 1, Prof. W. H. Ryder, of Andover, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Prov. 4: 7, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding."

* * *

The fourth lecture of the course on Ancient Music was given in the Chapel, Feb. 24, by Prof. Junius W. Hill. His subject was the Music of Egypt. The paintings on tombs and hieroglyphics on monuments furnish conclusive proof that the Egyptians were a music-loving people. The record of their progress in all lines has been carefully preserved, and in this record music holds a prominent place. Musical instruments came into use among them at an early period, the harp and lute about 2000 B. C. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the earliest were wind instruments or instruments of percussion. Of the latter, the most interesting is the *Sistrum*, a bronze or brass hoop, in which were fastened bars with rings upon them. These gave a metallic rattle, which was thought to be efficacious in frightening away Tiphon, the evil spirit. They use also drums, tambourines, cymbals and maces. Of the wind instruments, pipes and flutes were most common, specimens of them having been found in the tombs. The flutes are very long and are made of wood or bone, often with a straw inserted to serve as a reed. The representations of concerts in the paintings on the tombs indicate that the Egyptians had some crude idea of harmony, for the pipes used were both single and double, and of different lengths — and therefore, could not produce unison music, and oftentimes in these concerts different kinds of instruments were used. Of the stringed instruments, lyres and harps were much used. They vary greatly in form, size, and number of strings, some showing a high degree of ornamentation. Some of the harps are three thousand years old, and at the time of their discovery at Thebes still emitted a sound when touched. The use of the chant by the Egyptians is almost as ancient as their use of instruments. The earliest song is the *Maneros*, a lamentation for the death of the first king's son, which has come down from remote antiquity as a national dirge. Mention of Egyptian music is made by the Greek historians. Herodotus speaks of the use of music in the festivals of Diana and Bacchus, and refers to the *Maneros*, which he says is similar to the *Linus* sung by the Greeks. Plato and Diodorus both speak of their music as the invention of their deities. The remainder of the lecture on Egyptian music will be given next Tuesday in the Chapel by Prof. Hill, at the usual time.

* * *

On Feb. 28, Prof. Cohn gave a lecture in the Chapel, in connection with the course in Comparative Philology, on the Origin of Language. He spoke first of the difficulties in the way of the philologist — the failure of mankind in the past to record language, the disappearance of all traces of the Aryan language, except its roots, the difficulty of inferring from an ancient language the character of a still earlier form, and the great diversity of opinion which prevails among scholars — some asserting that all language comes from the Sanscrit or the Hebrew, others with more heretical views declaring Italian an older language than Latin, and the Romance languages the direct offspring of the Greek. The science of Language, which would have been more appropriately named "logology," owes its origin to the discovery of Sanscrit, which revealed many interesting facts to the philologist. Though it is a science which rests on the record of stones and books, and one in which inferences are even more difficult than in paleontology, still it is just as fixed and certain a science as any that deals with the progress of man. It has been most fully developed by the Germans, but the Romance languages offer a wonderfully fertile field to the investigator, provided that he knows how far to go and how soon to doubt. He notices a marked resemblance between the Latin and the Romance languages and concludes at once that they have the

same parent; and by a study of their vocabularies investigates the nature of that parent. Taking a common word — for example man — he finds that the French is *homme*; the Italian, *uomo*; the Spanish, *hombre*; the Portuguese, *homen*; the Romanian, *om*; the Latin, *homo*. In these *om* is common to all, and he therefore asserts positively — and rightly — that the parent language had this as the most important accented syllable. By a comparison of the Sanscrit with other ancient languages, similar conclusions might be reached with reference to the original language of the race. By several other word-studies Prof. Cohn showed that any one language can be near the parent in form though not in time, that no one language always gives the nearest form to the original, that philologists are often easily misled by similarities, though much may be inferred by a comparative study of ancient and modern forms. Sanscrit, though an older language than Latin or Greek, may not have the oldest form, and Italian may have deviated from the Latin more than French. Investigators must be cautious, careful, confident, and must not go beyond the knowledge of the facts. To-day they have much to contend against, but the twentieth century will probably have a complete record of all it says and does, for the recording of language as it is, will then be made practically possible by means of the phonograph or Visible Speech.

* * *

On Saturday evening, February 28th, the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Library. The roll-call was answered by quotations from Shakespeare characterizing his women. The following programme was carried out:—

The Girls of Shakespeare.

I. Dramatic Representation,—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 7.
Lear, Miss Bock.
Cordelia, Miss Gage.
Kent, Miss Cook.
Doctor, Miss Freeman.

II. The Relation of Shakespeare's Girls to his Plots, Miss Miller.

III. Dramatic Representation,—King Henry V, Act V, Sc. 2.
Henry, Miss M. Spalding.
Katherine, Miss Wardwell.
Alice, Miss White.

IV. Debate.—Shakespeare's Girls are Finer Characters than Browning's Girls.
Affirmative, Miss Stimson.
Negative, Miss Gertrude Spalding.

After an open discussion of the question, a vote was taken, and the majority of the society believed Browning's girls to be the finer characters.

Characters for Study.

Cordelia,	King Lear.
Ophelia,	Hamlet.
Portia,	Merchant of Venice.
Juliet,	Romeo and Juliet.
Viola,	Twelfth Night.
Celia, Rosalind,	As You Like It.
Miranda,	The Tempest.
Perdita,	The Winter's Tale.
Marina,	Pericles.

* * *

A social meeting of the Art Society was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday, Feb. 28. An alcove and part of the center was shut off by screens, and brilliantly lighted. The members wore costumes, some ancient, some modern, but all attractive. The first thing on the programme was the guessing of names of books and statues. Then a sketching class was organized. One member posed, and the rest were given ten minutes in which to do their best work in reproduction. The excitement was increased by the announcement of prizes to be awarded. Miss Rogers won the first prize, a half-crown of laurel leaves. Miss Darling took the second prize, and Miss Newman, a guest of the Society, received honorable mention. After these efforts it was appropriate that refreshments should be served. This, though appreciated, was the least of the good times of the evening. As the girls separated, dainty souvenirs filled with sweets were distributed. The Society are glad that their President realizes that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

* * *

The first student's concert of the College year was given in the Chapel last Monday evening Mar. 2, and bore witness to the excellent work being done in the School of Music. The selections throughout were fine and well-selected. Four Chopin numbers were given, each requiring a considerable degree of musical ability. Miss Lum rendered the Boléro with exquisite taste, Miss Dresser gave one of his difficult and effective études, Miss Holbrook the well-known Ballade, and Miss Mitchell the Impromptu in C sharp minor. A movement from Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, gracefully given by Miss Hayward, Mendelssohn's bright Caprice by Miss Keith, the pretty minuet and dainty Maerchen by Miss Arter, and a Prelude and Fugue of Bach by Miss Lamme, completed the piano solos. A Fugue by the same composer was given on the organ by Miss Marion Emerson, and Hummel's brilliant Rondo was well played by Miss Bergen, the second part being taken by Miss Andrews. One of Mr. Allen's compositions was given with skill and delicacy as a violin solo by Miss Penniman, and Mr.

Claude Fisher, one of his pupils, played the violin obligato of Raff's *Ave Maria* to Miss Hickenlooper's vocal solo. The *Ave Maria* of Luzzi which Miss Grenell sang, though not quite so old a friend as the preceding, was a no less attractive number. The trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," was very acceptably rendered, and two of De Koven's charming songs were sung very sweetly by Mrs. Oswald. The solos of Miss Frost and Miss Rosa, were presented with composure and finish. Miss Frost sang two of Schubert's best known songs in her characteristically clear, high tones, and Miss Rosa gave Mozart's soft *Addio* aria in her well-trained, mellow voice. Although the program was certainly long, all regretted that it must suffer by the omission of Miss Whitney's piano solos. Taken throughout, the concert was one of the best we have had from the music pupils, and when our programs can be a little shorter, we shall find the entertainments from our students in every way delightful.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The editors of the PRELUDE are much pleased and gratified to have received four or five interesting articles on the "Library Question," in addition to those printed in this issue. They regret to say that these articles were not received until Monday,—too late to be published with the others. Contributions should be left in the PRELUDE Box at least *ten days* before they can be printed. The editors wish to thank all those who have so enthusiastically responded to their call, and to express the hope that equal enthusiasm will be shown in the discussions to follow. One request they would make,—that all contributors, even if they wish to have their articles published anonymously, should nevertheless not conceal their names from the editors themselves. This is a right which every paper claims, and which they feel sure all will be willing to recognize.

Rev. F. W. Bakeman, of Chelsea, will preach in the Chapel on Sunday, March fifteenth.

On Monday, March sixteenth, a concert will be given in the Chapel by the Beethoven Society.

At the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society last Saturday evening, Miss Lincoln and Miss Lucas, '93, were received into the Society.

Miss Martha Goddard has been elected third member of the Executive Committee of '92, to fill the place left vacant by Miss Dora Emerson when she became Historian.

Prof. Du Bois, of Yale, addressed the College on "Science and Immortality," last Saturday evening.

In the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Monthly for March, is an exquisite article on "The Cap and Gown," by Charles Dudley Warner. Let every Wellesley girl who has not read it make haste to do so; it will find an answering echo in all their hearts, and seems to bring nearer to reality that which is the dream of every one of them.

Last Tuesday evening, Prof. Bowne, of Boston University, gave a lecture on Evolution, before the Philosophy Classes and all others interested. His subject was, "Some Errors Concerning Evolution."

On Thursday evening, February 26, several members of the College availed themselves of an opportunity of attending a concert, given in the Town Hall, by Mr. W. C. Hammond of Holyoke, organist at Smith College, assisted by Miss Priscilla White, teacher of music at Dana Hall. All who were able to attend thoroughly enjoyed an excellent concert.

The first address in the series given by Dr. Calkins before the Senior Class, was delivered on Tuesday last, on the subject, "Elements of Strength in the Early Church." There are to be three lectures, given on successive Tuesday afternoons. The second lecture will be delivered March 10th, on "Early Church Writers."

At a meeting of the Zeta Alpha Society, held on Wednesday of this week, Miss Tuliette Wall, '91, was elected Recording Secretary of the Society in place of Miss F. May West, '91, resigned.

It is rumored that Mr. Partridge is proposing to hold an auction of things which have been left at the studio and not re-claimed.

On Friday afternoon, February 27, the Class of '93 held a meeting for the purpose of choosing their crew. The result of the election was as follows:—Miss Helen Eager, Captain; Miss Mary McPherson, Stroke; Miss Mary Hazard, Miss Alice Campbell, Miss Mary Hill, Miss Frances Pinkham and Miss Marion Bradbury. The other members are yet to be elected.

At a recent meeting of the Christian Association, Miss Longley read an account of the sufferings of the people in Dakota. For three years the crops have failed, and this year does not seem to prophesy well. Especially have the hardships of the home-missionaries and their friends there been great. It was then resolved to send a box of necessaries to them, as soon as sufficient material should be contributed. The box is now waiting in Room 15, College Hall, and all additions will gladly be received there.

Last Saturday evening, promptly at seven o'clock, the class of '94 assembled, for the first time under the constitution, for the purpose of electing its class officers. Seven elections were completed, the result being as follows:—President, Miss Caroline Randolph; Vice President, Miss Edith Crapo; Recording Secretary, Miss Roberta Allen; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Marianne Weston; First Historian, Miss Maud Thompson. Just after Miss Randolph's election, several members of '93 serenaded from without, and Miss Kellogg, President of '93, entered, and in a very pretty speech presented the gavel to '94 with the greeting of '93.

Here is some good advice for those over-conscientious students who spend many weary evenings trying to make themselves study when they cannot, and who overlook what is far more necessary:—"Good food and proper physical exercise make good blood, and good blood is the basis of good brains. Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for meals and recreation. *Don't study when you are sleepy,—it is an absolute waste of time.* Don't sleep when you should study,—unless you are 'dead-set' on becoming a block-head."—*Dr. Stahley.*

On Friday evening, February twenty-seventh, the Wesleyan University Glee Club gave a concert in the Town Hall. The audience, though small, was enthusiastic, and did its best to encore the Club. The selections were sung better than they were chosen, for many of them—such as "Solomon Levi," and "I Have a Rooster,"—were rather old, and the endeavor to be funny was altogether too marked. By far the best piece on the program was "Yellow Bird," a whistling solo by Mr. Hibbard, President of the Club.

About thirty of the Wellesley faculty and students attended the concert of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Wednesday evening of last week. Tickets for this concert were kindly presented to the College by Rev. Charles W. Shelton, Secretary of the American Missionary Association,—the association which founded Fisk University, Nasheville, from which the singers came. The concert consisted entirely of negro songs, sung with the spirit and enthusiasm which only negroes can give them. The Jubilee Singers are raising funds with which to erect buildings to be used as a Bible School, in which students graduating from the various colored institutions in the South may be fitted for the ministry. The first company of singers from the University was disbanded in '78 after having gained $150,000 in seven years. May their success attend their successors.

The General Work Committee of the Christian Association have fitted up room X as a servants' parlor. The classes before assigned to recite there, have now been appointed to meet elsewhere. The rows of seats have been taken out, and the whole room has been fitted up with new furniture. Nine large rocking-chairs, many pictures, a pretty clock with cathedral chimes, and potted plants in every window combine to make the former unattractive room X bright and cheery. Curtains, too, are to be put up as soon as possible. Last Saturday evening Miss Whiting, Mrs. Torrey, Mrs. Morton, and the General Work Committee, invited all the servants in College Hall to to meet there, at half past seven o'clock. Miss Perrin, '91, chairman of the committee, made a presentation speech giving them the use of of the parlor. Music was provided, and chocolate and wafers served, and the first social meeting in the parlor was a success. The servants are now fully installed in their new apartment, and for the first time have a pretty room of their own to enjoy.

On April thirteenth, which is the first Monday after the Easter vacation, four members of the Junior class are to give, in the Chapel, an open debate as to the expediency of national prohibition as the solution of the temperance problem. Notice of it is given as early as this, that all may find out what they can about the question, for an opportunity for free discussion will probably be afforded.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Members of the class of '89 will be especially interested in the following extract from a press notice of a new book, Dorothy Gray, by their honorary member, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin:—"This is one of those sweet, healthy stories that carry about them the atmosphere of the purest New England home-life. It is a thoroughly wholesome book, in which the pure sentiments shine through an equally pure style. The author is not only a lover of the poets, but a poet herself, as these pages testify. It is a story that will rank among the highest of its class, and is one that mothers will be glad not only to read themselves, but to put into the hands of their daughters."

Miss Caroline Strong, student at Wellesley, '88-'90, has formed private classes in English Literature at her home in Portland, Oregon, one class in history of English Literature, one studying Nineteenth Century Poetry. Miss Strong recently gave a lecture before a Literary Club on the Elizabethan Drama.

The next lecture in the History of Art course will be given by Miss Kitty Payne Jones, '84, Tuesday afternoon, March 10, in the parlors of the Y. W. C. A. building, Boston. Subject:—Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sato, Raphael Commenced.

MARRIED.

TRUMBULL-VAN LENNESS—At New Bedford, Conn., Feb. 21st, Anita Trumbull, student at Wellesley '82-'84, to Frederic Van Lenness, of New York.

WILLIAMS-WALKER—At Concord, N. H., Feb. 21st, Annie H. Williams, '86, to Dr. John Walker.

Tne Post Office addresses of the following persons are needed for the Record Association. Will all those who know these addresses please send them at their earliest possible convenience to Miss Laura Jones, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Burnham, Fannie C. '79
Burns, '81
Burroughs, Mary, '85
Burt, Mary T.
Burton, Jessie A. '79
Burton, Martha W. '79
Bush, Eugenia, '82
Butterworth, Ada S. '75
Cady, Josephine C. '85
Calhoun, Roberta E. L.
Callaghan, Mary E. '81
Calley, Martha B. '80
Cammack, Sarah, '82
Camp, Austine I. '81
Campbell, Joanna M. '82
Carleton, Mary F. '81
Carpenter, Jenette, '81
Carpenter, Mollie, '85
Carpenter, Nettie, '76
Carr, Nellie M. '78
Carter, Ellen A. '82
Carter, Grace A. '75
Carter, S. Josephine, '77
Cary, Lulu H. '77
Chamberlain Caroline R. '79
Chamberlain Florence M. '75
Chandler, Annie T. '76
Chapin, Carrie A. '82
Chapman, Gertrude C. '80
Chase, Emma S. L '75
Chase, Florence S. '76
Chase, Harriet, '76
Chase, Helen, '76
Chase, Isabelle C. '75
Chenault, Mattie, '82
Church, Mary A. '75
Churchill, Alice, '77
Clark, Emily W. '77
Clark, Genevieve, '79
Clark, Mary Emily, '78
Clark, Mary Evelyn, '78
Clark, Nettie E. '77
Clark, Susie G. '78
Clark, Susan J. '78
Clarke, Gertrude, '81
Clarke, Bessie D. '80
Clarke, Lydia, '82
Clarkson, Virginia, '82
Clemence, Mary E. '81
Clough, Rebecca L. '82
Coburn, Mary J. '82
Cutler, Blanche M. '85
Cutler, Carrie B. '81
Cutler, Grace L. '75
Cutler, Laura F. '78
Cutler, Harriotte P. '76
Daniels, Susan E. '77
Davis, Abbie S. '76
Davis, Carrie P. '82
Davis, Fanny Lucy, '81
Davis, Martha P. '82
Dean, Eunice, '82
Dean, Jennie, '82
Demond, Minnie C. '75
Dewey, Delia M. '81
Dodds, Mary C. '80
Dorr, Marcia, '75
Dougall, Elizabeth W. '81
Douglas, Mary E. '81
Douglas, Florence E. '77
Downing, Annie L. '82
Drake, Harriet A, '77
Dunlap, Anna L '77
Dunn, Lucene L. B. '76
Dunn, Mary B. '77
Eaton, Frances M. '75
Eddy, Annie Louise, '75
Eddy, Fannie F. '79
Edgell, Harriet G. '82
Edmond, Theodora A. '75
Elder, Esther, '78
Ellis, Jennie, '82
Emerson, Emilie F. '79
Emery, Cyrene L. '82
Emery, E. '79
Ensign, Carrie J. '82
Estey, Kate M. '85
Evans, Annie F. '76
Evans, Fanny E. '79
Farmer, Mary E. '76
Fassett, Mary A. '76
Faulkner, Amey P. '75
Fay, Lillian, '78
Fenno, Annie B. '75
Ferris, Abbie E. '76
de Figanière, Claire, '76
Finney, Grace, '82
Fish, Rachel C. '77
Fisher, Abbie L. '75
Fisher, Ethel E. '78
Fisher, Nannie L. '82
Fisk, Fanny, '82
Cochrane, Jennie M. '82
Cole, Fannie O. '82
Coleman, Julia E. '75
Collin, Elizabeth L.
Colwell, Annie M. '82
Compson, Lillian M. '77
Comstock, Eloise R. '79
Cook, Clara, '78
Cook, Susette, '82
Cooke, Mabel, '78
Cooley, Clara, '75
Cooley, Minnie, '75
Coomes, Anna B. '79
Cooper, Nellie, '79
Copley, Emily M. '81
Cornish, Carrie A. '82
Cotton, Lydia, '75
Cousins, Arabel A. '78
Cousins, Clara A. '78
Covode, Sarah H.
Cowperthwaite, Cora, '81
Crittenden, Augusta, '80
Crocker, Augusta, '80
Cross, Mabel, '79
Crossman, Martha S. '77
Culver, Marilla H. '81
Cumberland, Mary E. '80
Curl, Inez,
Currier, Georgiana, '77
Curtis, Martha G. '75
Cnshing, Lucinda, '75
Fiske, L. I. '82
Fitzsimmons, Ellen W. '76
Fitzsimmons, Mary E. '76
Florer, Clara C. '81
Forbes, Bertha, '75
Forbes, Rose M. '78
Ford, Celia, '80
Foss, Eunice C. '75
Foster, May D. '82
Foster, Nellie B. '75
Foster, Regina A. '78
Fox, Ellen E. '79
Francis, Mary, '77
Franklin, Lillian B. '85
Freeman, Ellen M. '81
Freeman, Mabel G. '75
French, Eliza H. '78
Frost, Lilla, '78
Funnell, Nellie S. '79
Gale, Lillie H. '75
Gallaher, Roxana M. '81
Gardiner, Julia E. '77
Gardner, Gertrnde, '82
Gaylord, Jennie, '81
Geyer, Lutie H. '78
Gibson, Addie L. '80
Gibson, Alice G. '81
Giddings, Laura L, '81
Giffin, Ruth E. '80
Gilchrist, Catherine E. '79
Giles, Annie H. '79

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE United States Government is putting up a one hundred thousand dollar gymnasium at West Point.

THE great telescope in Lick observatory, California, has been injured by an earthquake.

A course in music has been added to the list of electives at Columbia.

IN the senior class of 289 at Harvard, thirty-one have already obtained degrees from other institutions.

PROFESSORS who have served in Columbia for 15 years and are above 65 years of age, are pensioned at half their regular salaries.

A BILL has been introduced in the Senate to appropriate $1,000,000 for the establishment of a colored University.

THE Alumnæ of Vassar College are endeavoring to raise $40,000 with which to endow a professorship of astronomy at Vassar College.

THE faculty of Boston University have voted to allow work on the college paper, *The University Beacon*, to count as hours in the course, allowing four hours per week to the managing editor and two hours per week, to each of his assistants.—*Cornell Era.*

THE number of books in the college libraries of the United States has been estimated at $3,000,000.

WABAN RIPPLES.

FIRST FRESHMAN: "What do we have in Ethics?"
ROOM-MATE: "Oh, we have the Judgment and Eternal Life, and I'm not prepared!"

A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

There was a little Freshman meek,
Of Seniors loved she two;
One had great, melting, wine-brown eyes,
The other, heavenly blue.

They all went out to walk one day
And the Freshman bolder grew;
She said, "I dearly love brown eyes
And those of violet hue."

Then up and spake both Seniors,
"Dear, would it more please you,
Since both you like, if each of us
Had a brown eye and a blue?"

THE ALGEBRAIC-LY INCLINED.

Why this rustling
Amongst the Freshmen
Amongst the algebraic Freshmen
On a Sunday morn?
'Cause the preacher
Talks of powers
Powers and *functions*
Inward born!

FRESHMAN: "Oh, this is ghostly!"
SOPHOMORE: "Why?"
FRESHMAN "Because there is so much vanishing done!"

DURING THE LECTURE.

Sallie is mad
And I am sad
For I know what will please her.
A girl divine,
With a smile like wine,
To sit in the chair beside her.

Bessie is here
I saw her, my dear;
She is sitting just behind you.
She knows you care,
For her instinct's rare,
And she'd like to be sitting beside you.

SOPHOMORE: (preparing for second Lit.) "Maud, which sonnet are you going to learn?"
MAUD: (undecided) "I have been looking them over for the shortest one, but they all seem very much alike in that respect."

I WONDER—DON'T YOU?

If girls who talked on concert night
To guests in hall
Could only hear how very like
A clarion call
Sounded their sweetness in
The ears of all,
I wonder if 'twere possible
They'd talk at all
Don't you?

THE FIRST AND LAST.

STUDENT IN HISTORY: (reciting) "Charles Martel was the last of the Merovingian and the first of the Carlovingian dynasty."

FRESHMAN: "Oh, we're having the most dreadful time in Ethics. We're in the Kingdom of Heaven now."

A QUESTION OF NATURE.

"ARE the "Pussy Willows" not obliging? They put themselves out to please us!"

INDIGNANT SOPHOMORE: "I really think any man who beats his horses so ought to be persecuted!"

ONE JUNIOR TO ANOTHER: "Who gives the lecture to-night?"
OTHER JUNIOR: "Why, Dr. Griffis; the one who wrote "Rose and Thorn," you know."

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